

**promised it all but
you lied;**

drippingcandie

promised it all but you lied; by drippingcandie

Category: IT (2017)

Genre: Homophobic Slurs, I'm so sorry, M/M, Not Canon Compliant, Period-Typical Homophobia, Unrequited Love, cursing, eddie is an asshole, richie is sad and deserves better, richie is soft and just wants eddie to love him ! but :/, they grow as they get older so like?? a lil ooc not gonna lie

Language: English

Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-10-02

Updated: 2017-10-02

Packaged: 2020-01-23 17:15:19

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,862

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

richie tozier loved eddie kaspbrak with his whole heart, he thinks.

no one really wants to be loved by derry's fairy, he knows.

nothing changes when you grow old, he wishes wasn't true.

promised it all but you lied;

Author's Note:

ok ya'll....this wasn't supposed to be a monster but i turned it into one.

there's a bunch of au's happening here and it's definitely not canon compliant!

as the characters grow older they get a little ooc.

richie wasn't supposed to suffer like this.

ALSO: there's cursing, language, and eddie uses some slurs you have been warned!

oh, the devil's inside

you opened the door

you gave him a ride

Eddie is sitting with his legs crossed, vanilla ice cream cone in hand, while Richie lies next to him in the grass. July heat beats down on them as they sit in the freshly cut grass of the park that's nestled behind Derry's senior living community. Eddie doesn't sneeze or itch or complain. *Huh* , Richie thinks. *He's finally gotten over that fake allergy nonsense. Never thought I'd see the-*

“Thanks for the ice cream, Richie.” The other boy is pulling a wet wipe from his otherwise empty fanny pack. Richie must have not been paying that much attention to his friend, because time had been seeming to go by twice as fast. There’s no way that he finished the ice cream cone that Richie had bought him five minutes ago.

“No problem, Eds.” He kicks out his feet and folds his hands behind his head. He had been refraining from spending his quarters at the arcade, just a few, so Eddie would stop picking up his ice cream stand tab. It’d only be one more year until he was 15 and could get a job of his own.

Eddie lays his head on Richie stomach, their bodies creating a T. *Or two ninety degree angles, take that Mrs. Thomas*, Richie thought to himself. The sun plus Eddie’s body heat make him realize just how warm it is. He can feel his white t-shirt start to soak with sweat. He would usually just complain, but Eddie would just tell him to take off his hawaiian shirt. If it was any of the other losers, his mouth would be running a mile a minute. *Hotter than a training ground below!* He would’ve said in his southern belle Voice. *She’s a-beamin, quite the barn burner.*

A few more moments pass before Eddie speaks up again. “Have you ever uh,” Eddie scrunches his nose, as if debating on whether or not he should even finish his question.

“Done your mom? Of course I have, why just last night I-”

“Beep beep Richie.” Eddie says it as if he’s quite annoyed, but he keeps looking at the clouds. “I’m being serious.” He huffs, bring his hands to rub his temples. “Have you ever- uh. Have you ever asked anyone out?”

For once in his life, Richie Tozier, Trashmouth of Derry, is speechless. It takes a second for his mind to get back into gear. “Not to toot my own horn or anything, but I have dated every young bird from this side of Derry-” He’s cut off before he can go any farther.

“I said I’m serious, Richie!” Oh no, Eds is getting more frustrated.

“No, I haven’t dated anyone.” He answers shortly. “Why? Is Eddie Spaghetti in *loooooove*?” He sings out the last note.

“No!” Eddie says indignantly. “And don-don’t call me that. I just... wanted to ask someone out is all. It’s stupid. Nevermind.”

“Oh do tell!” Richie flutters his eyelashes as if Richie could even see his face, which was tomato red. It wasn’t from his heart, which was beating a little too fast in his chest, he told himself. It was the sun, obviously. Maybe he should ask Eddie if he has any UV ray protection in that fanny pack of his.

“I want to ask out Kimberly Tanner.” He muttered, knowing the other boy wouldn’t let it go.

Richie’s heart rate plummeted back to it’s normal rate. Kimberly Tanner? She was so... uptight. A Goody Two Shoes. One time, when Richie sat behind her in the second grade, she cut off a mighty old chunk of her own blonde frizzy hair and threw Richie under the bus for it. He pressed his lips in a thin line.

“I was just uh, wondering how I should ask her.” Eddie is fiddling this his fingers, which are rested on his stomach. “Are there any things that like...we do? That you think, that may-maybe she would wanna do with me.”

Richie wants to stare directly into the sun. He wants to stare directly into the fucking sun because this, no this could not be happening. Eddie doesn't want to go do their things with that...with that bitch.

He tries to smile. "I've heard movies are good first dates." The smile itself feels tight on his face. "Don't forget to get Sno-Caps." *Eddie's favorite*, he thinks bitterly.

too young to know

too old to admit

Richie is sitting at lunch by himself. It's senior year. One more year, he thinks. Then he can leave with his perfect attendance award and get the fuck out. Bill is gone, Beverly never came back, Ben moved back to wherever the fuck he came from, Mike only comes into town on weekends, and Stan is doing college prep 24/7 now.

Eddie and him don't vibe like they used to.

Richie really can't blame any of that on anybody else but himself. Ever since Kimberly Tanner came into Eddie's life, Richie was kind of put on the back burner. Eddie never did that. Eddie knew that Richie didn't like to be ignored. But he had a girl now, a real cute one. Curly blonde hair, a cheerleader, she carried hand sanitizer with her. Richie personally didn't see the appeal.

He situated himself in the lunchroom so his back would be turned away from their table. He used to torture himself everyday staring at them. Freshmen year, she tried sitting with the Loser's Club, but she

convinced Eddie to sit with her friends. Three years. The thought leaves a bitter taste in Richie's mouth as he pushed his green beans around his tray. He thinks about it everyday, because like. Eddie was his best friend, he lo-

“What the fuck, Richie.”

Richie almost jumps ten feet in the air. The tray that's slammed down on the otherwise empty table makes his bones rattle. Henry Bowers is long gone, but he still instinctively grabs

his coke bottle glasses to make sure they won't get ripped off his face.

Think of the devil and he will appear. Eddie Kaspbrak is standing in front of him, bright yellow polo contrasting with his red shorts. He hadn't really grown that much, Richie is pretty sure he still towers over him.

“What's got your britches in a twist?” Richie snarks, instantly relaxing when he knows he's not going to get beaten into a pulp. “Mrs. K sending a messenger? Isn't really like her.”

“Shut up, Einstein.” Eddie usually tells him to shut up, it's nothing new when they actually have conversations now. But this? This has some sort of animosity that he's never really witnessed when talking to his ex-best friend. *That's what he is now, huh.*

Eddie doesn't sit down, even though Richie was kind of hopeful. Instead, he leans in a little closer. As if he has a secret and he doesn't want it to get out. Like there's something he has been wanting to tell

Richie. Or...he just wants to spit in Richie's face. Because that's what it kind of sounds like.

"People are calling me a fu-fucking fairy." Eddie's grip on his tray tightens and his body is humming with anxiety, Richie can tell. His breathing is a little unsteady and his jaw is clenched. What he said doesn't really register in Richie's brain. A fairy?

"Yeah!" Eddie practically shouts. It draws the attention of people around him, earning the pair a few glances. "A fairy. A fu-fucking faggot." Richie feels his heart sink in his chest. He never thought he'd hear Eddie say it like that. "Apparently I like to take it up the ass now, ya know why?"

Richie fucking Trashmouth Tozier is left speechless. His lips are parted and his eyes are wide, as if someone had just decided to crash together a set of cymbals behind him. He thinks his ears may be ringing, his mouth is definitely dry. He shakes his head dumbly.

Eddie slams a textbook right in front of Richie, disregarding the other boy's tray completely. It's a Spanish II book, something Richie had taken two years ago. Eddie was a little ahead of the curve, taking it Freshmen year. Richie is pretty sure that the boy tutors it now, with no other classes to put in his schedule. "Go on, open it up."

"Okay, okay." He mutters, flipping open the worn cover. Oh no, that's bad. Realization hits him in an instant when he looks at the log of names. There's a heart scribble there with two sets of initials inside.

E.K. + R.T

Richie had been obsessed. He had tortured himself a little too much and sometimes did things just to humor himself. He hadn't meant for anything bad to happen. It's Eddie's fault for putting the first set of initials in the book anyway. The letter K doesn't look all that different from an R. It just takes one pen stroke and some rounding out and-

"Why would you do that Richie?" It's like they're 13 again, standing on the main drag in Derry. Richie stole a guy's baritone and Eddie's eyes were filled with disgust, because someone else's mouth had been on that. Eddie had still handed him his ice cream anyway and the face fell. This look of disgust didn't look like it was falling anytime soon.

"I- I don't know." It honestly feels like every wise cracking joke has been ripped from his lungs. He could've easily defended himself. Eddie doesn't even know for sure if it was him that wrote it. Isn't there like a Rachel Thomas that goes here? But wait...Her name wasn't directly under Eddie's in the list of past owners.

No one even looks at the initials! No one ever! People write them and then they're supposed to be ignored. What kind of asshole had to go and be Sherlock Holmes? "I didn't think anyone would notice or see it or even see you !" His voice is rising but he brings it back down.

"Not everyone wants to be the Derry Fairy, Richie."

He doesn't want to be the town fairy, if that's what Eddie is trying to insinuate. He really doesn't want to be. People start to wonder when a boy talks about having all these girls sleep with him and no girl in

town admits to sleeping with him. People are smart, smarter than Richie gives them credit for.

“No one wants to be in love with an asshole either.”

you better slow down baby, soon.

it's all or nothing to you.

He's twenty seven and he's shoveling the driveway. He hasn't seen snow in fucking year. California didn't have snow. Seven years of no snow and now he's stuck with a house in Derry, Maine of all places.

His face is flushed and the air smells like Christmas. He stops to catch his breath, watching as a man and a small child walk down his street. They're wearing far less layers than Richie is, who currently looks like the Stay Puft Marshmallow Man. “Richard!” The man's laugh gets closer and Richie almost has to do a double taken, because that's his name. And he's heard that voice again. The little boy stumbles and almost slips on the ice. His deadbeat neighbors didn't even put salt down, which was a hazard.

It's not long before their in front of his own driveway. The man stops and looks at the house, almost as if Richie isn't standing right there. It hit's him like a train.

“Eddie Kaspbrak.” Richie's voice is filled with realization. He takes off his glasses and wipes them with the edge of his sleeve, just to make sure his vision hasn't gotten more fucked up in the last two minutes. The man's head snaps so fast Richie thinks his neck might

be broken.

“Richie Tozier.” Eddie smiles a smile that Richie never thought he’d see again. The little boy, who can be no older than five, tugs on Eddie’s sleeve.

“ *That’s* Richie Tozier?” The kid’s voice is kind of in awe, and the young man is starting to wonder what stories the little guy had heard.

“Yep! Richie Tozier is the name and your mom jokes are the game!” And it strikes Richie that he doesn’t know how to speak to kids. At all. Beverly Hills seems to be a place for young adults and young adults only, along with some rich men who serve as a source of income for the pretty people.

Eddie doesn’t go to cover his kid’s ears, just laughs. This is not how he imagined some kind of reunion going. They hadn’t exactly left Derry and each other on good terms. Eddie moved to New York with Kimberly, and obviously had a child. Eddie, huh. He knew the guy would always be a one girl kinda man. That’s about the extent of what Richie knows.

“My daddy says that you are a Derry legend!” Richie looks at Eddie with raised eyebrows, who shrugs.

“What’re you guys doing in town, huh?” Richie grips his shovel a little tighter. He knows they don’t live here. He’s seen everyone in this fucking town already and he’s only been here two weeks.

“Visiting mom.” Eddie is rocking on his heels, digging them into the unshoveled snow. His breaths come out in little puffs, visible in the dreary Derry weather. “What about you?”

“Maggie bit it a week ago. No one else wanted to take the house.” Richie says dryly, and it’s true. He’s not even sure exactly why he’s stayed this long. Nostalgia? Hope? It’s all a real mystery to him. Eddie doesn’t seem to be shocked at how blunt Richie was being. His mom had been a real grade A asshole and her liver wouldn’t have lasted forever anyway. “How’s the good ole Mrs. K? She hasn’t called me up in a hot minute.”

“She hasn’t left the house in months, think she’s lost a few marbles.” And yeah, Eddie said it jokingly but Richie knows he isn’t joking. He’s seen Mrs. Kaspbraks house and the dead grass was overgrown, reminding him of the Neiboldt house. He shivers from the cold and the thought. “Kimberly’s good, if you were wondering.”

Fuck Kimberly Ta-No wait, Kaspbrak. Her name made Richie stomach curl. He’s still stuck alone with his many failed relationships that he couldn’t even count on all his fingers and toes, and somehow Eddie got it right the first try. He has a kid, a fucking kid, who has gone to playing in the untouched snow in Richie’s yard.

“I still love you, you know?” Richie feels a frog in his throat but he blames the cold for choking him up. He eyes the kid, making sure he’s not going to wander off into the street or near the sewer drain.

“Yeah, uh.” Eddie kicks at the snow by his feet, shuffling his way to get closer to Richie. “I’ve missed you too.”

“No, no not like that. I-”

“Hey Richie, the house looks lonely.” Eddie seems to be in a rush to cut him off, as if he doesn’t want to hear some sappy love confession that could only be compared to something out of a romcom. “Wanna come by for dinner tomorrow? Kimberly’s cooking. Mom’s been living off microwave dinners for a while and it’s almost Christmas and I’m sure Mrs. K would love to see her favorite one night-”

“Yeah, yeah.” Richie is kind of shaken because he’s never made a joke about his own mother. Maybe the years have done him well. “I’ll come over.” He says through clenched teeth.

“It was real nice to run into you, Richie.” Eddie’s eyes do that thing where the corner’s crinkle. Richie’s heart turns to goo and he tries not to think about how he used to be able to make him smile. He wants to reach out and grab Eddie’s face, make him make eye contact. *Look at me Eddie! Look at me.* There’s no soul sucking clown after them this time, but the fear rises in his chest just the same.

“Real nice to see you too.” He smiles the tight lipped smile that he had gotten so good at over the years. Eddie pulls him in for the quickest hug in all of human history, as if he doesn’t want to even touch Richie in the first place.

“Come on Richard!” The little boy looks up from his tiny little snowman that he had been creating before stumbling towards his father. The little boy takes the man’s hand and Eddie is gone as soon as he appeared.

“Love you.” He finishes his thought far too late, far too lamely.

Richie Tozier doesn’t go to dinner at the Kaspbrak household Tuesday night. Instead, he packs up the few boxes that he had actually bothered opening and lifts him into his truck the next morning. It’s easier this way, he’s done torturing himself.

He doesn’t see Eddie Kaspbrak again until the summer of 2016.

what did you do to my eyes?

what did you sing to that lonely child?

Author's Note:

hey find me @webdevll on twitter!